

collect once the people wanted to sell their jewelry to help the poor; I told them that would not help them. The people wanted to sell such things so that they might be able to bring into camp three, ten, or a hundred bushels of corn meal. Then they would sit down and eat it up, and they would have nothing with which to buy another hundred bushels of meal, and would be just where they started. My advice was for them to keep their jewelry and valuables, and to set the poor to work—setting out orchards, splitting rails, digging ditches, making fences, or anything useful, and so enable them to buy meal and flour and the necessaries of life.

A great many good men would say to me—“Br. Brigham, you have a gold ring on your finger, why not give it to the poor?” Because to do so would make them worse off. Go to work and get a gold ring, then you will have yours and I will have mine. That will adorn your body. Not that I care anything about a gold ring. I do not have a gold ring on my finger perhaps once in a year.

You who are poor and want me to sell that ring, go to work and I will dictate you how to make yourselves comfortable, and how to adorn your bodies and become delightful. But no, in many instances you would say—“We will not have your counsel, we want your money and your property.” This is not what the Lord wants of us.

There was a certain class of men called Socialists, or Communists, organized, I believe, in France. I remember there was a very smart man, by the name of M. Cabot, came over with a company of several hundreds. When they came to America they found the City of Nauvoo deserted and forsaken by the “Mormons,” who had been driven away. They

set themselves down there where we had built our fine houses, and made our farms and gardens, and made ourselves rich by the labor of our own hands, and they had to send back year by year to France for money to assist them to sustain themselves. We went there naked and barefoot, and had wisdom enough, under the dictation of the Prophet, to build up a beautiful city and temple by our own economy and industry without owing a cent for it. We came to these mountains naked and barefoot. Are you not speaking figuratively? Yes, I am, for it was only the figure that got here, for, comparatively, we left ourselves behind. We lived on rawhide as long we could get it, but when it came to the wolf beef it was pretty tough. We lived, however, and built a fort, and built our houses inside the fort. Then we commenced our gardens, we planted our corn, wheat, rye, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, parsnips, and we planted our peach and apple seeds, and we got grapes and strawberries, and currants from the mountains. The seeds grew, and so did the Latter-day Saints, and we are here today.

I am not infrequently asked the question—“What induced you to come to this desert sterile country?” Sometimes my answer is—“We came here to get rid of the so-called Christians.” This is somewhat of a stumbling block to them; they do not know how to understand it. They could understand it if they had been with us and had seen the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians leading on the mob to rob, plunder, and destroy, as I have seen them. Do you think we came here of our own choice? No; we would have stayed in those rich valleys and prairies back yonder if we could have had the privilege of inheriting the land for which